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THE BEAUTIFUL RETIRE.

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 CHAPTER XIV.—THE GATE-KEEPER.

"I did not think I should be so weak," he murmured to himself; "I did not know how weak I am. I thought—I should have thought—that I could have borne this, even this, like a man, at any rate, and not like a

"And what is it to me," he went on, more reflectively, "if it does mean *that*? What is Clara Gilbert to me now, or what am I to Clara, that I should be angry? Angry! angry with her! Poor Clara; dear Clara! There is no harm in saying 'dear Clara,' though she is no longer mine." He thrust his hand, as he thought this, into his bosom, and tremblingly drew forth the portrait which nestled there. "Poor Clara!" he repeated to himself softly, as he gazed upon the familiar features

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before he restored the locket to its resting-place. "I could have borne it if it had been any other than that man. I should have had no title to complain, much less to interfere. But to know her married to *him*—to a wretch who broke his first wife's heart by his coarse brutality! To think of Clara as *his* wife—he, a gambler, a black-leg, a cheat, a scoundrel! And so soon, too; so very soon after. Clara, Clara! you little know the sorrow that lies before you.

"And I shall have been the cause of it," continued Harry, still communing with himself, because he had no other auditor, while he still walked slowly towards the gates of Fairbourne Park. "Poor Clara! dear Clara! It was here, under the dark shade of this yew-tree, that I first, first— Oh, folly, and worse than folly, to remember it now! But it is I who have cast her off, not she me. If I had but waited—if my foolish notions about honour had not interfered, and if I had only waited patiently, patiently and hopefully, for a little while, I might have been spared this; for Clara would have been true to me. Fool, fool that I have been!

"Poor Clara! no wonder she started at seeing me; that she hurried on without speaking. No wonder, even, if she feels angry with me, thinking of me, as she does and must do, as fickle, ungrateful, changeable. Ah, but she little knows my heart! dear Clara!

"Yes, it is my fault, all my doing;" so Rivers proceeded; "and if Clara should be persuaded to marry that man, I shall never forgive myself for being the cause of her unhappiness. It must not, shall not be, if I can prevent it. At least her parents shall be warned. They cannot know that man, or they would never permit even his visits, or receive the slightest courtesy from his hands; and they shall not reproach me hereafter for my silence. Yes, I will see them; I will not turn back now."

Until now, Harry had hesitated whether to go on; but he hesitated no longer, and, quickening his pace, he soon reached the gate-keeper's lodge. The gate-keeper was the wife of Mr. Gilbert's gardener, and she sat at the open door of the lodge, knitting; but at the sound of Harry's footsteps she looked up, uttered a cry of surprise, and, hastily rising, sprang forward to meet him.

"Oh, Master Harry, I am so glad to see you again! I must shake hands. To think of it, now! But I said to Gower, I did, that it was all stories we heard. It was only this morning I said it; and to think of you coming this very day, and all on foot too!"

"I have learned to travel on foot lately, Mrs. Gower," said Harry, with a smile.

"And not much to signify either, that isn't," observed the cheery woman, quickly. "There's better men goes a' foot than rides a' horseback, if all was known. But, deary me, Master Harry, how pale and white you do look, surely!"

"Do I? I did not know—"

"But I know; and I know that you must come in and rest. It will not be the first time, Master Harry."

No, indeed; not the first time by very many times that had gone before. So Rivers thought and said, as he entered the lodge. He was rather glad to sit down and compose himself for the coming interview.

"You met them, I suppose, Master Harry," said the gate-keeper.

"If you mean Miss Gilbert and—and the gentleman who was riding with her, scarcely. I saw them, however, before I got into the road."

"He has been here very often of late, that gentleman, as you call him," continued Mrs. Gower.

"Has he?"

"But there's nothing in that, you know, Master

Harry. One gentleman may visit another, I hope, without being obliged to marry his daughter," rejoined the comforter.

"Certainly, Mrs. Gower. You know, that gentleman, Mr. Brooke, is the owner of Hurlock Chase now."

Yes, Mrs. Gower knew it; and the more the pity it was so. "But what signifies that?" she added. "That's no reason you should be turned off, Master Harry."

"Well, but I have not been turned off; that is to say—" and Harry stopped short, for he felt the awkwardness and impropriety of attempting to explain his position. But Mrs. Gower, who had no such delicacy, broke in triumphantly with—

"I told Gower so; I told him so this morning, when he would have that it is the common talk up at the house that Mr. Brooke, who is old enough to be Miss Gilbert's father or uncle, is making love to her. 'Making love to her!' I said; 'and making love he may be, and making himself ridiculous as well; but making love isn't winning it, and Master Harry will soon put a stop to his making love.' That's what I said, Master Harry; and here you are to put a stop to it," said Mrs. Gower, with an encouraging smile.

Or she meant it to be; but, gathering very little encouragement from the hints of his good friend the gate-keeper, Harry rose and bade her good-bye.

"If it had been any other than that man," he whispered to himself, "I would turn back now; but no—I will make one effort to save her; poor Clara!"

Something fell close behind him as he said this, which made him quickly turn his head. The something was an old shoe, a woman's shoe. It had been on Mrs. Gower's foot not a minute before. Harry looked back at the lodge, and there stood the gate-keeper in the middle of the road, like "my man John" in the nursery rhyme, "with one shoe off and one shoe on," clapping her hands and laughing a pleasant laugh.

"Tis all for luck, Master Harry," she cried, at the top of her voice; "that's what it is, sir."

#### CHAPTER XV.—EXPLANATIONS AND SECRET SPRINGS.

FAIRBOURNE COURT was a more modern mansion than "The Hurlocks," more modest also in its pretensions; it was a very respectable mansion, nevertheless, and its owner, Roger Gilbert, was a very respectable gentleman. So Sir Richard Whistler would have said, and he surely knew. Not that the Gilberts were on Sir Richard's list of familiar friends; for, as the baronet observed, a line must be drawn somewhere; and his line was drawn between old families and new ones. Roger Gilbert's was a new family. Only two or three generations earlier the Gilberts had emerged from trade, and, as Sir Richard said, "set up as gentlefolks—gentlefolks!" To make this offence the ranker, and to keep it patent before the world, it was pretty well understood that, in "setting up for gentlefolks," the Gilberts had not entirely cast off the slough of their trading habits. There was a firm of Gilbert and Company in a large seaport town some twenty miles off; and this great firm monopolized half the business, not to say of the town merely, but of the country to boot. They were bankers; and Gilberts' notes were as good as gold, and far more plentiful. They were brewers; and "Gilberts' Fine Ales," on publicans' sign-boards, met the traveller at every turn. They were carriers; and their broad-wheeled waggons were on the road day and night. They were general merchants; and their great warehouses were the wonder of the town, and among its principal lions. They were shipping agents and ship-owners; and the name and fame of Gilbert and Company were known even in Holland and

Spain. Now, this was very grand and gratifying; but it had its drawbacks when the elder branch of the firm made purchase of Fairbourne Court, remodelled and partially rebuilt the mansion, and willed to be a country gentleman. "For, how can a man meet on an equality with a fellow of that sort?" Sir Richard Whistler wanted to know.

It was Roger Gilbert's grandfather who first started on this race of gentility, and died before the alterations in Fairbourne Court were completed. To him succeeded his son (Roger's father), who finished what his father had begun, had a numerous family, and, after providing for his younger sons and daughters, in approved fashion, he died also. To him succeeded Roger himself (Clara's father), whose patrimony was necessarily diminished by the aforesaid provisions, and who found, to his mortification, that he was rather coolly looked down upon by those whom he aspired to equal.

It was soon after Roger Gilbert became master of Fairbourne Court, and when Clara was a little child, that Mr. Rivers (Harry's father, of course) conferred two not inconsiderable obligations on that gentleman: first, by taking him by the hand and giving him his countenance; and next, by lending him a large sum of money on an emergency which threatened (for a short time, and in some commercial panic) the whole superstructure of Gilbert and Company. The loan was soon repaid, but the benefit was not forgotten, and Roger Gilbert was profuse in his acknowledgments to his benefactor.

From that time a familiar friendship sprang up between "The Hurlocks" and Fairbourne Court; frequent visits were interchanged; and little Henry, the motherless child of Mr. Rivers, passed almost as much time at the Court as at his own home. Thus his acquaintance with Clara commenced. As time rolled on this juxtaposition was interrupted by several years of school life, when, except during the holidays, the boy and girl saw little of each other; but, school days ended, the intercourse was renewed with greater warmth, and with what result the reader has already been informed.

How far this result had been foreseen or contrived by older heads, it is impossible to predicate with any degree of certainty; but it is certain that nothing could have fallen in more favourably with Mr. Gilbert's wishes. A near relationship with an old family was the one thing greatly to be desired to strengthen his own position in the county; and the prospective union of the two great estates of Hurlock Chase and Fairbourne Court, to say nothing of the Priory as a small appendage to the former, flattered both his vanity and his ambition. No wonder, therefore, that no obstacles were thrown in the way of the early engagement. It may be as well to add that no whisper of Mr. Rivers's ruinous but secret addiction to gambling, and of his deep embarrassments, had at that time reached the ear of Clara's father.

And when the sudden death of the owner of "The Hurlocks" brought these hideous things to light, the engagement had been carried too far to be summarily cancelled; so, in his perplexity, Mr. Gilbert argued; for he had a sense of honour. Moreover, he hoped that things would not turn out so badly after all, and he gave his best advice to Harry, in the tedious law-suit which he was persuaded to wage in defence of his patrimonial rights; and it was not till this suit was finally and adversely decided that he saw to its fullest extent how terrible a mistake that early engagement had been. We must do Mr. Gilbert the justice to admit that even then he shrunk from dealing the death-blow to Harry's hopes, while he waited anxiously and watched carefully to see what would next turn up.

That which did turn up was the very thing which Mr. Gilbert had most of all desired. He received from Harry, who was then in London, a manly letter, the purport and effect of which have already been told. It is needful, however, to continue these explanations through another stage of the history.

A few weeks before the date of our story Mr. Gilbert, who retained a considerable share in the profits, though not in the ostensible management of the bank which bore his name, received secret advices which seemed to make desirable an interview with the new owner of Hurlock Chase. He rode over, therefore, to "The Hurlocks," with a predetermination not to like the man who had, or was supposed to have, brought ruin to his young friend Harry Rivers, and to limit his intercourse to the business of the bank; but before he had been half an hour in the old library of "The Hurlocks," and in the company of Jason Brooke, these prejudices and intentions were, if not entirely forgotten, at least laid aside. There was such a pleasant fascination in that gentleman's manner; so much apparent straightforward candour in his explanations; so much expressed feeling of almost sorrowful regard for his late opponent at law; so much regret that the young man had been so ill advised as to enter into a contest which every sane man must have known would terminate in defeat; and, finally, so much respectful homage paid to his visitor, that Mr. Gilbert was almost won over to his side, especially as the business negotiations not only took a favourable and profitable turn, but revealed to his astute comprehension, as a man of figures, that the new owner of "The Hurlocks" must have great wealth at his command. The results of this visit, therefore, were a determination on the part of Roger Gilbert to hold in abeyance his perhaps hastily formed opinions of his new neighbour, and an invitation to dine at Fairbourne Court on the following day.

From that day an intimacy sprang up between the two gentlemen, the groundwork of which Mr. Gilbert would perhaps have found a difficulty in defining; and a succession of familiar visits to Fairbourne Court, which were almost invited—at any rate, more than tolerated—by Mrs. Gilbert, on the plea that "Mr. Brooke, poor man, must be so lonely in that great old house of his, without wife or child to keep him company, and with no society, he being a stranger in the county;" and that, in short, "it was a charity to open the doors of Fairbourne Court to him whenever he chose to look in."

With such kindly sentiments in operation towards him, it is not wonderful that Mr. Brooke soon did more than "look in." At first he had reasons or excuses, sufficiently numerous and valid, to give for these calls. At one time it was to consult Mr. Gilbert on certain projected improvements on his estate, or alterations in the old mansion; at another time it was to inquire respecting the character of one or other of his tenants; at another, to consult with Mr. Gilbert, who was a county magistrate, on the best means of putting down night poaching in the Chase. After a while, however, these excuses, or reasons, were dropped as unnecessary clogs on free intercourse; and the pleasure of an hour's conversation with his agreeable and intelligent and highly cultivated neighbours was flatteringly offered and politely accepted as the motive for these almost daily visits.

No one who has not experienced the ennui of a leisurely, not to say an idle life, in a remote country district, can enter into the strong feelings of relief caused by the occasional advent of a welcome visitor. Even Mr. Gilbert, who really had occupations which demanded



some appropriation of time and attention, was glad to have another object to vary those pursuits; but to Mrs. Gilbert these visits of the new proprietor of "The Hurlocks" were trebly satisfactory. She had felt herself looked down upon by the surrounding gentry of Sir Richard Whistler's stamp, and treated by them, when they did meet, with studied politeness, indeed, but with painful condescension. Now here was a man, a gentleman, of far more polished manners than Sir Richard; of more wealth (for Sir Richard, in spite of his baronetcy and old family, was known to be poor), and of almost as good a position in the county (so the good lady thought, in the simplicity of her heart) as Sir Richard, who really seemed desirous of paying homage to herself personally, and to her position in society. Also, his visits were a real boon to her—so Mrs. Gilbert said—because they broke the monotony of long, dull mornings, while they lasted, and gave her something to think and talk about afterwards. Thirdly, do you much blame Mrs. Gilbert, reader, if, having so long indulged in the vision of her daughter as the mistress of "The Hurlocks," she—and so forth, and so forth.

No doubt Mrs. Gilbert was sorry for Harry Rivers; for she really liked him. She was sorry for Clara too; for Clara was a good girl, and was, no doubt, fond of Harry, and felt keenly the disappointment of her hopes. But, since Henry Rivers had himself broken off the match, or, at any rate, had set Clara free from her engagement, thereby showing a very honourable sense of what was due to her, there was no reason that Clara should be doomed to single blessedness thereafter; and if—and so forth, and so forth.

In short, without taking any decisive action, both Roger Gilbert and his lady were very well content to let matters take their course. Clara was free; so, as far as they knew, was Jason Brooke. True, he was a widower; but this was scarcely an objection, or woe betide all poor husbands who had the infelicity of losing their wives. True, also, Mr. Brooke was twenty years older than Clara; but such matches were not rare, and Mrs. Gilbert had noticed that middle-aged husbands were more passionately fond of their young wives than where the ages were more equal. At all events, the disparity was on the right side; and if it should so turn out that Mr. Brooke were to make Clara an offer, and if it should also turn out that Clara were to incline her ear unto it, she, Mrs. Gilbert, would not be the one to make the difference in age an objection. To be sure, there were Jason Brooke's antecedents, of which the Gilberts knew but little, and that little not very favourable to his personal character. But then these reports had emanated from Henry Rivers, who was not to be expected to speak well of his opponent at law, and who, without intending to spread false reports, was so prejudiced against that gentleman as to be incapable of forming a just estimate of his character, and would be likely to call good evil; and if all people were to be judged by what anybody else chose to say of them, either through malice, or ignorance, or misconstruction, who, in this envious world, would be free of stain? At any rate, it would be time to investigate these reports when an occasion should arise. So spoke, or thought, Mr. Roger Gilbert.

With these secret arguments, therefore, and almost all other circumstances in his favour, it is no wonder that Jason Brooke found himself, to his own surprise, perhaps, a welcome visitor at Fairbourne Court, and a frequent guest at Mr. Gilbert's table; his own solitary state, and the work of renovation going on in his own house, being a sufficient reason for his not at present reciprocating

these hospitalities. He hoped, at some future day, indeed, when "The Hurlocks" had a mistress; so he said on one occasion, then suddenly stopped short, and relapsed into a silence more eloquent and expressive than many words would have been.

In truth, Mr. Brooke was not unsuspicious of the secret workings of the thoughts and imaginations of the hearts of his new friends. He had quick natural perceptions, and these had been sharpened by constant exercise. He was a shrewd calculator, too, and was not in the habit of throwing away chances which might tell in his favour, without a good and sufficient equivalent in other and better chances. So, when, and not before, his acquaintance at Fairbourne Court had ripened into a sort of familiar and easy friendship, he ventured to remark, with much concern, on the delicate state of Miss Gilbert's health, and her evident lack of spirits. Then he devised various amusements on her behalf. Eventually he proceeded to recommend horse exercise as the surest restorative, and offered his own services, as an experienced and expert horseman (which Mr. Gilbert was not), as her companion. The offer was graciously and gratefully accepted; and thenceforth almost daily Mr. Brooke and Clara were seen, sometimes followed by a groom, but as often unattended, cantering through the park, or along the country roads around Fairbourne Court. As yet nothing had been said of love and marriage; but the servants and neighbouring cottagers had drawn their own inferences from these signs and tokens; and it was whispered among them that Clara Gilbert would be mistress of Hurlock Chase after all.

Now, we are aware that, in laying bare these secret springs of action, we are writing of what is exceedingly sordid and worldly; but there is no help for this. We have to tell, in this chapter at least, of people who were essentially of the world, worldly, whose portion was in this life, and whose affections were set upon that portion; and it is impossible to attribute—vain, at any rate, to seek for—exalted motives where there are none to be found.

#### CHAPTER XVI.—AT FAIRBOURNE COURT.

MR. GILBERT sat in his office; for methodical habits of business hung about him at Fairbourne Court. In fact, some years of his younger life having been passed in the routine of the banking business of Gilbert and Company, this early training had given a tinge to his riper years. Until dinner-time, therefore, unless he had company, Roger Gilbert was generally to be found not only in his "office," but at his desk. He sat at his desk then—not that he had any employment for his pen, but because it was his custom. But though his hand was idle, his head was busy, and Jason Brooke was the theme of his thoughts. "He must have serious intentions;" this was the substance of the reflections which passed through his mind: "it is as plain as possible that he intends to propose to Clara. And it is equally plain that Clara is disposed to be pleased with him. She has evidently resigned herself to forget Henry Rivers. I am glad of it. What else could she do under the circumstances? It has been a pull upon her, poor girl, that's certain; but she has greatly improved in spirits since Mr. Brooke has paid her such attentions. Good girl! she is quite right and very wise.

"And Hurlock Chase is a fine property; improvable, too, to almost any extent, if a man has but the means. And Brooke has the means. And those iron-works—they are not to be despised. Upon my word, Clara will be a fortunate girl, after all. Not every girl picks up a second chance so soon. Singular, too, that it should

be the same property. There's a fate in it—a providence, quite a providence.

"Yes, Brooke means it now, I am sure. He almost said as much this morning before going out with Clara. I should not wonder if he means to put the question to her this very morning, and that was why he dispensed with the groom—a very wise precaution."

We take for granted that a soliloquy something like the above was inwardly uttered by Mr. Gilbert, and that his exultant fancy was pluming its pinions for a fresh and more extended flight, when it received a sudden check, and the gentleman himself was interrupted in his calculations by the entrance of his footman.

"Mr. Henry Rivers, sir. Will you see him here? or shall I show him into the drawing-room?"

The unexpected explosion of a cannon (at a safe distance); an instantaneous flash of vivid lightning on a calm and quiet night, when we are thinking of anything rather than storms; a slight, tremulous shock of an earthquake, when we are quietly sinking into our first slumber for the night—these are all startling events; but not less startling, and almost equally unwelcome to Mr. Gilbert, was the announcement of this unexpected visitor; and, as is not unfrequently the case with men of a certain (or uncertain) temperament, he turned the first current of his vexation upon the unfortunate messenger.

"You are very ill-bred, sir. How dare you come into my office without knocking at the door? Don't answer me, sir: you are going to say that you did knock, I know; and I tell you, you did not. What do you stand staring at me for, sir? Why don't you speak?"

"You told me not to speak, sir," said Robert.

"Why are you waiting, then?"

"To know what I am to say to Mr. Rivers, sir."

"Why did you not tell him I was not at home, you blockhead? You know I don't choose to be seen by everybody when I am busy in my office." A strong emphasis on "my office."

"Not by Mr. Rivers, sir?"

"No, not by Mr. Rivers, unless I choose."

"I didn't know, sir, I am sure," said the perplexed footman. "I thought—but I can say now that you are engaged, sir."

"Yes, tell him so; but no, that won't do either. Where did you leave Har—Mr. Rivers, I mean?"

"In the reception-room, sir."

"Very well; I will see Mr. Rivers in the reception-room, then. Go back and tell him I will be with him directly; and Robert—do you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wait in the hall, and be ready, when I ring, to open the door for Mr. Rivers."

Roger Gilbert was more agitated than he would have cared to acknowledge; and some little time elapsed before he could screw up courage enough to encounter his unexpected visitor. "It must be done, however," he said; and, hastily opening a cellaret which stood in a corner of his office, he poured out a glass of port wine and drank it off. He would do now: it made a man of him again; so he felt within himself, as, wiping his lips, he passed on to the reception-room.

Robert the footman was curious, and had good ears; and, having been ordered to remain near the door, what could he do better than listen? Not much reached him, however, for the door was fast closed, and the voices within were low and guarded. Once or twice, indeed, they rose higher, and the listener fancied that his master and Henry Rivers were "pretty peppery," as he afterwards said; but nothing came of it.

Half an hour—an hour—passed away; and Robert,

tired of eaves-dropping where nothing could be heard but a confused sound of unintelligible words, was seriously thinking of quitting his post, when the bell loudly rang; and, before he could lay his hand on the handle of the door, it was opened from within, and the visitor, as he stood on the threshold, turned round and addressed these last words to his host, very mournfully:—

"I have nothing more to say, Mr. Gilbert: I have no title to say more; but as we may never, most likely shall never meet again——"

"I'll hear no more, sir; not another word," hastily and angrily retorted the other. "You have presumed a good deal too much, sir, on our old friendship; and you have said things, and made suppositions, you have had no right to say and suppose. I won't hear another word, sir. Robert, the door." And so they parted.

"I never see such a go in my life," said Robert, afterwards, in his report delivered in the servants' hall. "It were as good as a play, a'most, to see how Master Harry, as we used to call him, looked down upon our master from his great height at that minute, as if he would have scorched him up with a glance of his bright shining eyes, and then turned on his heel without saying ever another word, like a tragedy thing; and how our master, for all he spoke so bold, was all of a tremble like, and says to me afterwards, so meek, 'Robert, if that gentleman calls again, mind, I am engaged.'"

#### THE GERMANIC CONFEDERATION.

THE progress of the arms of Napoleon, and the creation of the Confederation of the Rhine, naturally dissolved the feeble tie which had hitherto connected the German territories under the imperial rule of Austria. Founded by Charlemagne, and dating from the beginning of the ninth century, the Empire ceased formally to exist on the 1st of August, 1806.

The overthrow of Napoleon, and the consequent release of the Fatherland from the French yoke, once more introduced a new era, which demanded a fresh political combination. The Treaty of Paris, of the 30th May, 1814, embodied the preliminary arrangements; and on the 8th June, 1815, was signed at Vienna the Fundamental Act of the Germanic Confederation.

The general principle of the Union was declared to be the maintenance of the external and internal peace of Germany, and the independence and inviolability of the several German States. All its members consequently engaged to protect the whole of Germany, every single Confederate State to abstain from internal warfare, and all to guarantee one another in the possession of their territories. To a Federal Diet was intrusted the management of the affairs of the Confederation. Each State is represented in the Diet, which, for the transaction of ordinary business, consists of seventeen votes. The larger States possess one each while the smaller form groups, to each of which one vote is assigned. In matters relating to the Federal Act itself, the organic institutions, and other arrangements of common interest, the Diet forms itself into a *plenum* of sixty-nine (now sixty-seven) votes. Of these Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Hanover, and Württemberg, have each four; Baden, Electoral Hesse, Holstein, and Luxemburg, three each; Brunswick, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and Nassau, respectively two, and the remainder of the States one vote each.

The meetings of the Diet are held at Frankfort-on-the-Maine under the presidentship of Austria. It is composed of the plenipotentiaries of the States. They have a strictly diplomatic character, and are bound to abide

by the instructions of their respective Governments. The people, as such, have neither voice nor part in the proceedings of the Diet.

The military forces of the Confederacy are furnished in quotas, in proportion to the revenues and population of each State, and originally amounted to upwards of 300,000 men; but, from a report recently issued by the Military Commission of the Federal Diet, it appears that they are now 525,087 men. Of this number Austria furnishes 153,295; Prussia, 170,509; Bavaria, 50,236; while the other States combined supply 132,811. There is, besides, a reserve amounting to 18,186 men. These figures indicate the overwhelming military power of Austria and Prussia as compared with the other States of the Union. The federal forces are divided into infantry of the line, light infantry, cavalry, artillery, and pioneers. From the somewhat unsatisfactory state of the contingents of the petty States, it is doubtful whether more than 400,000 men, in the event of war, could take the field. This deficiency, however, could be easily supplied by Austria or Prussia, who are always able and willing to furnish troops over and above their contingents, not only because they would be kept at the federal cost, but because of the ascendancy which such extra contributions would procure to the nation which made them.

The fortresses of Mayence, Landau, Luxemburg, Radstat, and Ulm, are the common property of the Confederation, and are occupied by federal troops. Another fortress on the Upper Rhine was proposed to be erected with the money of the French contribution. This design, however, was abandoned.

The finances of the Confederation are under the control of a financial committee appointed by the Diet, which fixes the proportion to be paid into the common treasury by each State, according to the number of its inhabitants.

Such is an outline, in brief, of the constitution and resources of the Germanic Confederation. Based on the Treaty of Paris, it bore the impress of foreign influence. The aim of the victors of Napoleon, and of the diplomatists of Vienna, was to unite the German States so as to present a strong front to the aggressions of France, the power then most dreaded by Europe. And so far as the Confederacy was framed to secure internal peace and external defence, it has fully answered its end. Except in 1848, there has been an absence of internal turmoils; nor has Germany, since 1815, been assailed by any foreign power.

Promises of representative government were held out by the Fundamental Act of the Confederation, which raised the hopes of the national and patriotic party in Germany, and of the friends of liberty throughout the world. These promises are specially embodied in the 13th Article, which declares that "each of the confederate States will grant a constitution to its people." In the years which immediately followed, and notwithstanding the universal desire of the German people for the promised constitutions, they were not granted. As the pressure increased, several of the minor States, such as Hanover, Württemberg, and Baden, established assemblies, which, with other privileges, had the right of granting taxes; but Prussia, from whom much was expected, hesitated to follow their example, and, led by Austria, finally declined to advance in the path of constitutionalism. The union of the States had the effect, in fact, of concentrating the power of Germany in the hands of the two great military monarchies; and to this circumstance is to be attributed alike the non-fulfilment of the promises held out by the Fundamental Act, and

the repressive and reactionary policy adopted by the Diet. On the 12th of June, 1817, that body agreed to a protocol, which asserted its right to interfere in the affairs of any confederate State, and to procure the abrogation of all measures which might be deemed dangerous to the internal security of the Confederation. Constitutional government could scarcely be expected to take root and flourish in any State overawed as entire Germany was by the predominating influence of the absolute powers Austria and Prussia, who could, by military force, under the sanction of the Diet, repress every manifestation of the popular will.

The assassination of Kotzebue, who in his paper had turned to ridicule the German patriots, the outbreaks which occurred in 1819 in Spain and Italy, and the evident growth of democratic tendencies in Germany and other countries, caused the Emperor of Austria to convene a Congress of the German Princes at Carlsbad, with the view of checking the spread of the dreaded revolutionary doctrines in the States of the Confederation. Prince Metternich presided over the deliberations of the Congress; the resolutions of which were, for form's sake, submitted to and approved by the Diet. That assembly was then prorogued for eight months. Meanwhile, on this reactionary basis, and by ministerial conferences at Vienna, the articles of what is known as the Final Act of the Confederation were constructed, and which were formally adopted at Frankfort on the 8th of June, 1820. The stipulations of the Final Act had mainly reference to the 13th Article of the Fundamental Act of 1815, and were designed to discourage and repress constitutional government. The Confederation was also declared indissoluble, and the Diet authorized to interfere in any State in case of a revolt, should the Government of that State be unable to discharge its functions and to preserve order. The Diet was also charged with the maintenance of the federal laws, and was empowered to order execution when its authority was resisted by any particular State. When this step is resolved on, it nominates a civil commissioner, whose duty it is to superintend measures of execution, and to report from time to time of their progress to the Diet.

The French revolution of 1830 awakened anew the alarm of the German Governments, and called forth fresh repressive decrees. These were moved by Austria, and carried in the Diet on the 28th June and 5th July, 1832. Freedom of thought and expression of opinion were thus extinguished, and the refusal to raise or sanction taxes in any State was held as an act of rebellion which the Confederacy was bound to suppress by force. The policy of systematic repression having been thus carried to its utmost extent, the effect of the revolution which broke out in the French capital in February, 1848, was immense throughout Germany. The movement began in the south-western States. Baden took the lead, and then followed the other States in succession. Trial by jury, liberty of the press, and a general parliament, were loudly demanded by the people. On the 5th of March of that eventful year fifty-one Germans of consideration assembled at Heidelberg, and summoned all who were or had been members of German constitutional assemblies to meet at Frankfort. This body, called the Vorparlament, assembled in due course; and to it succeeded the National Assembly of Germany, which met on the 18th of May following. The Diet, impelled by the tide of events, took steps to adapt itself to the new state of matters; but the impetus of the revolution was so great that it could neither check nor outstrip it. It was in vain that the old system was declared no longer tenable, and that a proposal was carried that seventeen persons



who possessed the public confidence should be summoned to the councils of the Diet. The National Assembly, after prolonged debates, approved of a new constitution, and then proceeded to elect his Imperial Highness the Grand Duke John as Regent of Germany. The Diet, the ghost of its former self, could only feebly follow suit, and on the following day it also elected the Archduke as Regent. This was for the time its last act: it succumbed to the full tide of the popular enthusiasm, which carried all before it. The German Confederation was dissolved, and the power of Germany was now in the hands of the National Assembly and of the Regent whom it had nominated, and that, too, as much with the seeming acquiescence of the several Governments of the States as with the cordial concurrence of the entire German people.

The National Assembly was the realization, for the time being, of the longing of the German nation for freedom and unity. It is not, however, our purpose at present to trace the history of this abortive attempt at self-government, or to point out the causes of its failure. In less than three years every vestige of the new order of things had disappeared; the hopes and aspirations of German patriotism had sunk to repose; and once more the Confederation of States, as established in 1815, was recognised, and the Federal Diet, unwieldy and inefficient as heretofore, held its sittings at Frankfort.

All along there has existed a rivalry between Austria and Prussia for the lead in the affairs of Germany. Prussia, as the northern and Protestant power, extends her influence over the adjoining minor States; while Austria, until recently noted for her absolute tendencies, and as the stronghold of Romanism, groups on her side those States allied to her by geographical position as well as by similarity of faith. The area of Austrian Germany is 75,822 square miles, being the largest extent of territory belonging to a single State under the protection of the Diet. Prussia possesses an area, in a like position, of 71,698 square miles; but its German population is 14,138,804, while that of Austria is only 12,802,944. The smallest of the sovereign States is that of Lichtenstein, on the left bank of the Rhine, between Switzerland and the Tyrol, extending to only sixty-four square miles. Frankfort, with forty-three square miles, is the least considerable in point of territory of the free cities; but its population is more numerous than that of Lübeck, whose area is eighty square miles.

The incompetence of the Diet to deal with internal questions has been repeatedly proved; nor has it the power vigorously to prosecute war. It is a remarkable fact, that after all the revolutionary movements, and innumerable projects for the regeneration of the Fatherland, nothing more efficient has been established in its place. Germany still owns the nominal sway of the Frankfort Diet, composed of the mere delegates of the several States belonging to the Confederation. Repeated proposals have, however, been made, more especially since 1859, the year of the Italian war, when all Germany was in dread of the aggressions of France, for the reform of the system of government. A proposal was made in 1860, by the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, for a meeting of the sovereigns, with the view of establishing a Directory of three, of which Prussia and Austria should respectively elect one member, while one should be chosen by the combined smaller States. In 1861 a declaration was made to the Diet, on the part of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, that German unity was only to be attained by an individual will, resting on a general representation of the people. In the same year a scheme of reform of another character was proposed

by the minister of Saxony; and Prussia also propounded a plan which aimed at the creation of a smaller confederation under her influence, within the large confederation. These all, from the objections of one or more of the States, resulted in failure. The field was thus left open for the more important and imposing proposal made by the Emperor of Austria, in the month of August of last year, to the Princes of the Confederation assembled at Frankfort. At this Congress Prussia did not appear; influenced, doubtless, by her jealousy of Austria. The Emperor, in his speech at the first sitting, disclaimed all selfish motives, and declared his sole object to be a reform of the German Bund, in keeping with the necessities of the times. He proposed to establish for the government of Germany—First, a Directory of five, composed of the representatives of Austria, Prussia, and Bavaria, and two elected by the minor States. Second, a Federal Council, embracing the seventeen plenipotentiaries of the Governments—Austria and Prussia having each three votes. Third, an Assembly of Delegates, to the number of three hundred, to meet once in three years; two-thirds to be elected by the lower, and one-third by the upper Houses of the respective States composing the Confederation. Fourth, a Chamber of Princes, to be convoked by Austria and Prussia when occasion required, and empowered to take into consideration the results of the deliberations of the Assembly of Delegates, and to reject, accept, or modify all the proposals brought before them. Fifth, a Federal Court of Justice, to administer justice between the States, and to act as umpire. These propositions, after some nonessential modifications, were adhered to by the great majority of princes. Among those who did not sign the Austrian Reform Act were the King of Prussia, the King of Denmark (for Holstein), the King of Holland (for Luxemburg), and the Grand Duke of Baden. To the German democrats it was not acceptable, because held to be illiberal; while some of the Governments were averse to it, because considered by them to be so liberal as to be almost revolutionary. No reform can be effected in the constitution of the Confederation, without the consent of the whole of the States; thus the Austrian project failed to achieve the much-desired German unity. The cruel war with Denmark has done more to combine German feeling than any event since the fall of Napoleon.

## ANOTHER SWISS ROUND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REGULAR SWISS ROUND."

VI.—LUGANO TO BELLAGIO.

WE were now in Switzerland again, though everything about the place proclaimed it to be in Italy. The inn, which I have told you had but lately been a monastery, rambles and stretches itself over so great an extent of ground, that some people might almost get up an appetite for dinner by walking from their rooms to the *salle à manger*. This last is an immense apartment, with hard, cool floor, lofty ceiling, and windows screened during the glare of the day against the sunshine, which lies beyond the sharp-edged shadows in still, white heat. From the *salle à manger* you pass through a reading-room into a saloon. The latter has windows open to the ground, so that you may step out and stroll about the garden under the terraced vines and the strong-leaved fig-trees. Higher up there is a deeply shaded walk, from which you have fine views over the lake. The lower part of the garden is laid out with flowers, gravel walks, and grass. These never show to advantage in Italy: the growth of vegetation is too rapid and rank,



LUGANO.

The grass is coarse and the flowers are stalky. This flower-garden of the "Hôtel du Parc" is well meant, but too gritty and hot, though a central fountain squirts its best throughout the day.

Everywhere, in the shrubberies, in the corners, among the tree-branches, across unfrequented paths, high and low, you are sure to see enormous cobwebs. In the middle of each, with a fulness of flesh which shows that he is not starved by over-crowding, sits a monstrous spider. Your English spiders are nothing to the Italian. These last are more terrible, more greedy, and very much bigger than our own. Squatting in the centre of their webs, high among the outer branches of a tree, they show like nuts against the sky. There were several which I watched for hours outside the windows of our inn. One especially I think I should know again. Let me record his way of doing business, as a specimen of spider life in Italy. His web was three or four feet across, though some of the larger ropes which stretched it were carried to a still greater distance. He sat in the middle, holding the principal spokes of his wheel-like net in his hands. Every now and then he gave them a little shake, as if to feel whether anything had alighted upon them, just as a deep-sea fisher raises his line a bit to make certain about a nibble. When a luckless fly got entangled a slight spasm of expectation went through the central monster, who paused for a moment to make sure that the visitor was fairly limed. Then, quitting his seat, he rushed upon the spinning, screaming captive, and seized him with penetrating gripe behind the wings. Then there was a shriller cry from the victim, which died down to a dull buzz as his heart's blood was sucked out by the monster. Alas, poor fly! you dangle lifeless from the web, a winged but empty carcass. Then the ogre flung him down, throwing his fragments away as a monkey does the shells of the nut he has eaten, and walked quietly

back to his watch-post, a trifle fuller, but still keen for the next meal.

When this had been repeated two or three times I could retain my indignation no longer. It may be foolish and sentimental to feel for flies; but the terror and pain of those I had just seen eaten alive made me ask myself whether I could not assist in bringing on the nemesis which I thought must follow such wanton gluttony. Just then a hornet came sailing by, and I fetched him such a smack with an odd volume of "Vanity Fair," which I had brought out of the reading-room, that he lay as good as dead upon the gravel—a large, lusty, yellow-banded, evil-countenanced hornet. I laid hold of him by the tip of his left wing, and pitched him right into the web. Ho! ho! my ogre of a spider! this is another affair altogether. Up he jumped, and made cautiously towards the new comer. He didn't meddle with him, though, thinking he was alive, but sidled round him with all his wits at his fingers' ends. He looked puzzled. The captive was as big as himself. How came he there? His wings moved: was he shamming? Why didn't he break away? The hornet showing signs of recovery, I laid my book down, and looked out for a contest on more even terms than the ogre, probably, desired. But he was equal to the occasion. He walked slowly round the dangling hornet, with a rope extemporized out of his own tenacious inside, until its wings were fairly tied down and the beast made fast hand and foot. Then he fell upon him open-mouthed, and had a rich and copious treat from the artery beneath his wing. When I left he had ceased sucking, and, with a satisfied air about his face, was tugging the still valuable corpse away, against supper-time.

The poor flies have small chance here. Certainly the sun warms them pleasantly enough, and, I dare say,

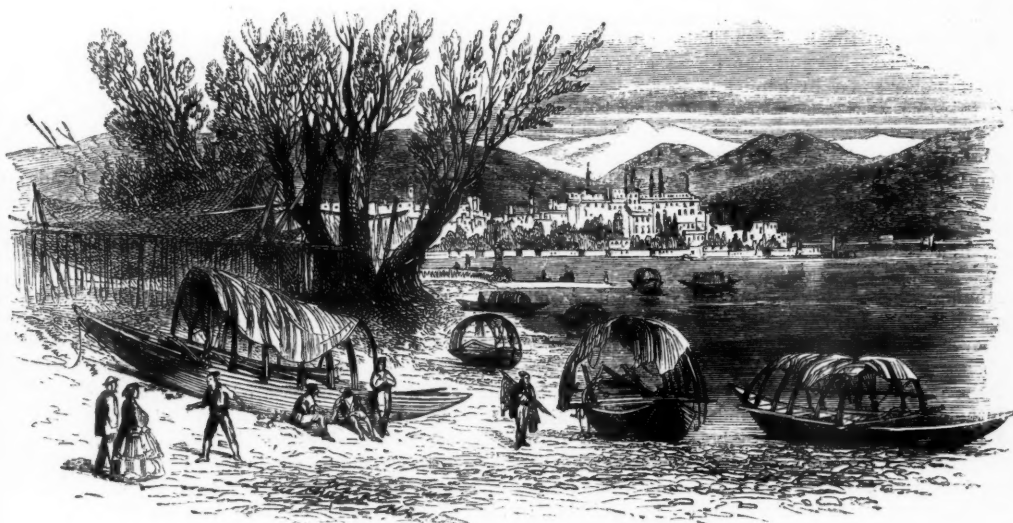




STORM ON LAKE COMO.

expedites their multiplication; but besides the spiders, they have enemies in the lizards, which dart upon them as they sit toasting themselves on the hot stones. Pretty little lizards, I see you at this moment; now bustling along in the bright sunshine; now suddenly rigid, with no sign of life but the twinkle of your bright

one of these small fellows: he was terribly frightened, but presented a most ludicrous appearance when he got his arms clear, and pushed as hard as he could against my hand, trying to shove my encircling finger down, or to draw the rest of his body up, just like Gulliver climbing out of the Brobdignag marrow-bone, or rather,



BOATS OF THE LAKE OF MAGGIORE.

eye and the quick beating of your lungs or heart, which-  
ever it is, plainly seen beneath your arm-pits. I caught | perhaps, as if he were trying to get a tight pair of leather  
breeches off. Sometimes, they say, these lizards, being

hard pressed, will leave their tails behind them. I never saw one thus dismember himself, but I noticed many with very stumpy ends, like Manx cats.

I must go back to spiders for a minute. One night—so somebody told the story to an old lady, whose nerves all stood on end perceptibly by the time he had done—one moonlight night I woke about three in the morning, and saw the shadow of a tall, thin spider, about as large as the frame of an umbrella, creep down the wall of the room towards the head of my bed. I sprang up just as he reached and caught at me. In the struggle which ensued I fortunately got hold of a large towel, which I flung over him, and by the aid of which I dragged him to the window and flung him into the street. But, positively, the biggest, strongest spider I ever met did come into my bedroom by moonlight, and did carry away with him a cambric pocket-handkerchief, in which, after some diplomacy and resistance, I captured him.

And what has this to do with touring in Switzerland? Well, when you get over the Alps, down into the hot valleys, and sit under the trees by the clear lake side, you will notice and remember the spiders and the lizards. In giving you my impressions I cannot leave out these. They are part of the scenery. And so are the fish. There is a "dependence" or offshoot of the "Hôtel du Parc," called the "Belvedere," just on the edge of the lake, about two minutes' walk from the inn. Here the fish may be seen swimming about in hundreds; and I spent the greater part of one lazy morning at Lugano in throwing to them pieces of bread, which they circled around suspiciously for a minute, and then fought for with much gobble and splash. But about Lugano. I tell you, you have now come into the listless, lounging, Italian air; and though you are still in Switzerland, you cannot expect me to trudge with you over the pass and up the mountain-side. It is too hot, and I won't have it. Stay; there is one mountain, St. Salvatore, close to Lugano, and we will make a compromise by ascending that. Its summit is only some hour and a half from the inn door, and yet, though the view from it is one of the most striking in the Subalpine district, there is but a miserable path up its side.

It is crowned with a church and a house, both deserted. I went up a way of my own, making straight for this church from the high road below; but I would not advise ladies to attempt the direct approach. I had to climb ever so far by hand and foot, occasionally coming to some very steep places indeed, and getting very hot for my pains. My way lay through the high, strong brushwood which clothes most of the mountain, and from whence I could see nothing, being obliged to follow the rise of the hill-side, sometimes even scrambling up among the branches as if I were climbing a tree. At last, however, I came out close to the summit, and saw the house and chapel which top it a few yards above me. Having reached these, I sat down on a low wall and looked at what I think is one of the most beautiful views I ever saw.

Far below lay the deep blue lake, wrapping its arms around the mountain on which I stood, and stretching away into long winding bays among the hills, which shut it in on every side. A few boats crept like tiny insects on its dark, polished surface. Before me in the distance were the peaks of the mountains around the Lake of Como, on my right those about Lago Maggiore; while farther off, over my shoulder, rose the cliffs and snows of Monte Rosa and its attendant giants. Behind me lay the Monte Cenero; and everywhere, fringing the water, and creeping up the hill-sides among the vines, figs, and mulberry-trees, were sharp-cut villages, like

little slices of towns, almost every one with its church and campanile or bell-tower. I counted about eighty. The hum of fifty chimes came up with the hour of noon. The ringing in these Italian churches appears incessant. One seems to set another off like barking dogs, until the whole country-side is in a jangle.

The great number of villages here is very remarkable: they reminded me of those you see in the background of the old Italian painters' portions of "clear walled cities." They are very striking to the eye at a distance, and to the nose when near. Anything like the acuteness and body of the stenches they generate I have never yet encountered.

When I had rested myself, and looked my fill at the view from the summit, I thought I would try the house there for refreshment; but there was nobody within. I hallooed, threw pebbles into the open windows, battered at the door with a large stone, and not a sound could I get in reply but echo. There was not so much as a cat on the premises. So I came down, this time by the path, which is very rough, but commands beautiful views.

There are several very interesting walks to be taken from Lugano. One to Carona, along the ridge in which Salvatore stands, and down to Melide, gives much the same view as from Salvatore itself, though less extensive. It is perfectly easy, and it took us, at a quiet pace, a little more than three hours to return to Lugano. One speciality of the walk is the beauty of the lake-glances which you get under the chestnut-trees. These last are fine and numerous: they provide much of the food of the poor people, their fruit being eaten boiled as well as roasted, in large quantities, not as dessert, but as the main portion of the meal. You should also take a walk to Brè, from whence there is a fine view of Monte Rosa. In all your strolls you will see or come upon the lake: it is the most tortuous piece of water I ever knew, wriggling about in quite unexpected places, its outline on the map being something like that of a lizard which had died of stomachache.

If you can take only two walks during your stay at Lugano, let me advise you to ascend Salvatore, and visit the monastery of Bigorio, which is about eight or ten miles east of the town. This is one of the monasteries not yet suppressed, and contains eight monks, who mourn over their fallen estate. They are very hospitable, however, as far as their means go, and will talk with you by the hour together. We visited them one very hot day. Leaving the bustle of the crowded, fashionable inn at Lugano, with its kid gloves, crinoline, and French cookery, it was like stepping back some hundreds of years to sit down at the table in the cool refectory, with the quaint old belongings of the monastery about us, and chat with the bearded, hooded fathers over their home-made wine.

We walked leisurely through many villages to the hill on which the monastery stands. On our way we got some luncheon, not at an inn, but at a little village shop, and sat down in the shade on a great stone outside the door, to dispose of it. A parcel of sunburnt, bare-legged children gathered round us to stare; for a stranger was a sight in the place. Presently, being refreshed, we walked on in our shirt-sleeves, till we hit upon the place we sought. A long path led up to it, skirted by stations or little chapels, each with a rude scripture fresco on its face. On reaching the monastery gate we could see and hear no one. The view behind us was lovely, and the silence of the old building in keeping with the utter stillness of the air. The gate bell seemed to ring with almost impertinent loudness when we pulled

the handle; but not a dog barked nor door slammed. Presently, however, there was a shuffle inside, then a scraping back of bolts, and a weakly, toothless old monk let us in. He had not much to show, as sights are generally estimated; but there was a homely charm about the dull old place which pleased me well. The old man led us to the chapel, with childlike pride in the poor ornaments it possessed, and then took us into the refectory or dining-room, where some boiled chestnuts and horn spoons were put out for dinner. It was a genuine scanty-looking business. However, he brought some pears, bread and cheese, thin wine, and two or three other monks, who plunged at once into theology and politics, while we munched our food. One of them asked me eagerly whether we thought much of our Queen's mother having been a Roman Catholic, and when I questioned the fact, took a surprising pinch of snuff at my ignorance or self-deception. Then we strayed back to the battle of Waterloo, his views of which were taken altogether from the French side. Then another let out at Victor Emmanuel, and they gave us a chorus of grievances, which we received with such expression of sympathy as became their guests. I am at a loss to know, however, of what use these brethren are. The country is, in fact, over-churched: there are more priests than can get a comfortable living. I saw some, poor to a degree of shabbiness which we can hardly associate with the station of any minister of religion. These men, too, were walking about Lugano on market-day, when they might be supposed to have on their best or decent clothes; but I am sure I saw clerical suits on them which altogether would not fetch more than half a crown in Rag Fair.

When we were cooled and rested we walked home by another and still lovelier way, holding high talk of the influences which were gradually clearing Italy of the overplus of priestcraft by which it has so long been hampered. Even here, in Lugano, under free Swiss rule, with universal suffrage and liberal institutions, there are twelve churches, several of them capable of containing a large multitude, to a population of between 8000 and 9000 at the utmost.

The people seem industrious, there being many vineyards in the neighbourhood, and much silk grown. A little way out of the town, on the Capo di Lago road, the unwinding of silk from the cocoons is carried on in a large building erected for the purpose. The work is done by girls and women, who often sing in parts while they are engaged at it. The unlucky cocoons are killed by being dipped into scalding water; then their shrouds are wound off. The produce of the vineyards can be seen in some natural cellars in the hills opposite Lugano. They, or rather the entrances to them, look like a village on the edge of the lake. We rowed across one day, and found the whole place smelling like a bung-hole, so crammed was it with wine.

Lugano itself is a fairly industrious town, though far behind in mechanical appliances. The distaff and spindle have not yet been superseded even by the old-fashioned spinning-wheel: thread is still spun with the finger and thumb. All trades flourish in the street. Hatters, carpenters, shoemakers, ply their craft in the open air. The shops are half stalls. But of all the goods commend me to the fruit. Coming from the cold Aeggischorn, this was like a descent into the tropics. Grapes! figs! figs with bursting ripe sides and dew-drops of sweet fluid in their dimples—the thought of you—how many for twopence?—might make the mouth of an epicure water.

On market-days the town was crammed. Boats came

as to a focus from all parts of the lake. Carts, drawn by tough, patient oxen, waddled slowly along the streets. Pigs, speaking the universal language of complaint, resisted guidance and conversion into pork. Swarthy-faced, earringed peasants, brought in their eggs and butter, buying the finery and comforts of Lugano in return, often sitting on the edges of their boats to inspect their purchases before shoving off on their way home. Meanwhile, from all, the jabber of Italian tongues multiplied the crowd threefold to the ear.

And yet all was Swiss. There were no obtrusive *gens d'armes*. There were no soldiers, unless I except a military school, which made a display one morning we were there. They fired into the air, marched, played "God save the Queen," and then, dispersing for a few hours, crowded the pastry-cooks' and toffee shops. We cannot associate children with stocks and full military uniform, or imagine a squad piling arms and then buying an old woman's whole trayful of lollipops.

These were the only soldiers we saw. Every Swiss, however, is liable to be drawn for service, the army consisting of militia. There is also proof of Swiss liberty here in the number of Italian refugees, who seek safety in the canton of Tessin. Lugano is close upon the frontier. From the window of our room we looked across the lake upon a really Italian town. Directly, therefore, a neighbouring "patriot" makes his own place too hot for him, he has only to skip over the border, and is secure from apprehension. After the battle of Aspromonte there was a sudden influx of these gentlemen; some honest, with genuine bitterness of disappointment; others no better than scamps, mere adventurers, who disliked being shot.

It is curious to observe the features of social division among the Swiss. Romanists and Protestants are not mingled evenly up as with us. They come in lumps. Here, too, are no mountain "jodels," no alpenstocks, no energetic atmosphere of mountaineering, though there are mountains in plenty. It seems as if, when once you have crossed the great range, though you may enter most striking scenery, you are not expected to climb. There are mountains in the neighbourhood of the lakes with panoramas of rare and noble beauty, but they are seldom visited. To some the absence of guides and paths may be a recommendation; but the spirit of enterprise soon forsakes most of those who are keen for excursive discovery when they first come over to the south side of the Alps. We intended to have ascended Monte Generoso; but somehow, what with the ripe figs, and the soft air, and the sunshine, and the interest we took after breakfast in the spiders, the lizards, and the fish, the resolution died away, and I can only tell you that the view from Monte Generoso has been called the finest of its kind in Europe.

Two or three times a day a paddle steamer touches at Lugano, breaking the reflections of the hills in the water, and leaving a double wave of wake behind it, which flaps against the opposite shores, and grates the idle boats gently against the beach. It circumnavigates the lake from morning till evening, ringing its bell and blowing its whistle at each in the round of stations, with tiresome punctuality. It is very convenient, no doubt, but it takes away much from the quiet loveliness of the scenery. You sit dreamily eating grapes in the shade, and forgetting that you are in Switzerland, when this fussy steamer bustles round a corner with a line of dirty smoke behind it, in vulgar contrast to the white-sailed, classic-shaped boats which creep from village to village with bold scroll patterns



painted on their sides, and choruses of song from their simple crews. I believe that the boats on this lake inherit the form in use among the old Romans; they are steered with an oar and rudder-bands; and it requires no imagination to believe that in such as these Pliny sat when he sailed along the shores of Como. However, we used the steamer to go to Porlezza, a small town at the end of one of the lake's arms, and the "port" for those on their way to Como. We took our last walk about the narrow streets of Lugano, and were soon deposited at Porlezza.

Here our small matter of luggage was glanced at by an Italian custom-house officer, and we got a little one-horse carriage to take us to Menaggio, a "port" on the Lake of Como, which we reached in an hour and a half. From this we rowed across to Bellagio, at the tip of the tongue or promontory which divides the lake into two long legs.

The day was still, and the water as flat as this paper on which I write. Another boat gave chase to us, or rather tried to pass us, on our way to the "Grande Bretagne" hotel, for which we steered. This eagerness led us to suspect the inn was full; so we pushed smartly on, and landed first, just in time to secure the only room in the place, and cutting out our rivals by about a minute and a half.

#### INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

I do not know what may be my readers' private opinion of the great Duke of Marlborough. Some of them may agree with Sir Archibald Alison in looking upon him as the great hero, others, with Lord Macaulay, in regarding him as the great villain of history. But all agree in regarding him as a great man, who humbled the pride of France, who raised the fame of England, and who was a mighty instrument in bringing about great events. God "maketh even the wrath of man to praise him;" and though there may have been little to please him in Marlborough's life, yet that life might be none the less directed by his providence. In thinking over the earlier career of the great Duke, some sets of circumstances appear to be so providential, that, as illustrations of "the hand of God in history," I think it well to put them down.

About the year 1670—that may be taken as a convenient date for the period—the power of France overshadowed all Christendom. Louis XIV, a selfish, cruel, bigoted voluptuary, was the absolute tyrant of the country. His neighbours dreaded his encroachments, and in the open field had found reason to tremble at his power. One country alone might have entered the lists against France, either as a single opponent, or as the soul of an alliance. This was England—England, that in old historic wars had so often overthrown the chivalry of France, and, only twelve years before, under the lion-hearted Protector, had revived the fame of her ancient prowess. But a weak, sinful, guilty man, Charles II, was then king of England, and found in his brother of France a congenial spirit. He joined with Louis in a wicked conspiracy against the civil and religious liberties of the world. A secret treaty, of a character truly infamous, was concluded in 1670, at Dover, by which, practically, Charles sold England into the hands of the king of France. For a stipulated sum of money he really became the vassal of Louis. Nor was this all. The king of France was then engaged in a war against the

Protestant Dutch, whom he hated with peculiar rancour. England, at the time of the great Queen Elizabeth, had been of the most essential assistance to Holland, in establishing and fostering her liberties and her religion. Charles was now prepared to join with Louis in crushing both. He covenanted to send him some troops to assist in the subjugation of Holland.

There was in those days at the court of London a soldier of fortune named Churchill. He was descended of a good stock—on his mother's side from the renowned sea-captain Drake. He was a man of great ability, of great daring, of surpassing personal beauty. He had gone out, some time before, under the notorious Colonel Kirke, to the African fortress of Tangier, a place which had lately come into the possession of the English through the king's marriage with Catharine of Braganza. He was now in London, and, as we should say in modern parlance, quite the rage. He stole away the hearts of all the court beauties. Among the rest, the king's chief favourite, the Countess of Castlemain, was in love with him, and made him the present of a little fortune. King Charles was violently jealous of his good-looking subject, as far as his easy, languid nature was susceptible of violent jealousy. He thought it best to get rid of Churchill, by giving him a company of horse to serve in the French army against Holland.

Churchill was very popular among the French. He went by the name of "the handsome Englishman." The war went disastrously for the Dutch, and that brave, industrious people was reduced to the utmost despair. Churchill distinguished himself greatly; so greatly, indeed, that King Louis XIV publicly thanked him at the head of his army, and promised to use his influence to procure him promotion. According to all human calculation, France was now, and was long likely to be, at the head of the world. This alliance with the king of England, this presence of the English troops on the French side, were not the least proofs of it. And yet these very facts were now developing circumstances which hereafter should tell with deadly effect against the French. The English army, from the insularity of their country, had not had much experience in general warfare; but they were now thoroughly drilled in the continental system. Churchill obtained the best military education in the world. He learned fortification through the famous engineer Vauban, and the science of war from those most famous generals Condé and Turenne; arts of siege and arts of warfare which he afterwards turned against his teachers on many memorable occasions.

Now, is not all this very remarkable, say providential, that a worthless king, for the sake of a worthless minion, should send the most soldierly genius in England to learn the dread trade of war in the best military school in the world? that France, who, in the insolence of success, employed these English soldiers, should thus be training an army which should hereafter reduce her to the verge of ruin and despair? that Marlborough should learn from the marshals of France those lessons which enabled him afterwards to bring them to defeat and disgrace? that King Louis of France should himself personally obtain the promotion of the man who proved to be his deadliest enemy, and put him on the high road to great military rank, which was eventually the means of covering his own grey hairs with well-merited shame and disappointment?

Let us now pass over a term of thirty years. We come to the scene of Marlborough's most famous triumphs, and an occasion of a great peril and deliverance. That dashing Captain Churchill has become the great

Earl of Marlborough. On various occasions, in various critical campaigns, he has proved his great genius. This he has done in the civil wars of England, and in the Low Countries. The Grand Alliance has now been formed, to curb the towering ambition of Louis. Marlborough is the generalissimo of the army. The campaign of the first year of the war had just been fought: it was a year unmarked by any such victories as those which afterwards ensued—Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, Malplaquet—but, nevertheless, Marlborough's success had been brilliant; he had taken several important places; especially, he had captured the city of Liege. The campaign was now over: all hostilities were suspended by the winter. The army had gone into winter quarters.

Marlborough set out from Flanders to proceed to the Hague. Some Dutch commissioners were in his company. He resolved to do part of his journey by water, and embarked on the Meuse. The Meuse is an affluent of the Rhine, and retains many of the beauties of the parent stream. Although the livery of winter was on land and stream, the river was still navigable, and its banks presented much of that eminently pleasing scenery which at the present day delights multitudes of tourists. The boat preserved an easy, prosperous course. Everything around was as peaceful as if there was a general pacification, instead of universal war. The many-sided Marlborough must have enjoyed this peaceful change. Perhaps he anticipated the wide field now open for his genius and ambition, exulting in the success which he had just attained, and looking forward to plans of future victory.

If such were his meditations, they were destined to be rudely interrupted. A band of marauding Frenchmen, in the love of adventure, or desire of plunder, were just at this time making a daring incursion on the banks of the Meuse. They saw the boat, and from its size and equipments judged that it might be a prize of unusual value. Passengers and boatmen included, the whole crew were quite incapable of competing with the superior number of Frenchmen. The French soon perceived, and used their opportunity; the crew were surrounded, the boat seized, and all were made prisoners.

Yes, there was no doubt at all about the humiliating fact; the great Earl of Marlborough, the generalissimo of the allied armies, was a prisoner in the hands of the French. Not at the close of some late-contested field, in honourable defeat, by the fair, open foe, was the great commander taken captive, but thus ingloriously by a band of mere marauders. It was not for him to wield the thunderbolts of war. Immured in some strong fortress, he would perhaps drag on his days as a dishonoured prisoner, while others fought the campaigns and won the battles of the day.

The French dealt with their prize in sharp, business-like fashion: they overhauled the boat to look for any valuables it might contain. To their extreme satisfaction the search proved exceedingly, abundantly productive. Valuable plate, rich furs and coverings, a round sum of money, handsome wearing-apparel, formed their lucky booty. They then turned round to investigate their prisoners: it was just possible that they might be persons of rank, very well worth the capturing. If they had only known it, there was one prisoner there worth that boatful of gold, yea, that boatful of gold told ten times over; ay, and if the king of France with present eye could have read the future, he would have promoted the captain of the band to the third place in the kingdom if he had brought Marlborough as a prisoner to Versailles. If this had only been the case, the fate

of the war, and the history of Europe, might have been different.

The Dutchmen were overhauled—solid, robust, substantial men. Not much was to be made out of them. The Frenchmen must have perceived that Marlborough was treated with high consideration, but his real rank did not transpire. Even the intrepid spirit of Marlborough must have quailed in this moment of consternation and danger. Just at this crisis his servant noiselessly came behind him, and slipped a piece of paper into his hand.

With his usual presence of mind, Marlborough did nothing to betray the incident; but he found an opportunity to take a quick glance at the paper.

It was an old passport; a passport which had been made many years ago; a passport which belonged to himself. It was made out to him under the name of General Churchill.

His captors came to examine him. He exhibited the passport: the title of Marlborough did not appear there. If it had, he would have been seized at once, with the utmost joy and delight; but his captors, ignorant and unlearned men, though the name of Marlborough was then ringing in all ears, did not recognise the former appellation. To them the passport was a mere credential of respectability.

What should they do with the prisoners? This was now an object of consultation. Perhaps the dark thought occurred to them that they had better put them to death. This is what would have been done immediately in ancient times. Happily, Christianity, even in the worst wars, has mitigated materially the ferocious spirit of warfare. Should they take their prisoners to France? There were serious difficulties in the way. It would not be easy to carry away their prisoners as well as their booty. Besides, the country might be aroused, and they might be compelled to abandon both. After all, their booty had been very satisfactory. Besides, these poor people had lost all their property. Ultimately they determined to do them no further harm, but let them proceed on their journey.

With what a feeling of relief Marlborough must have watched their vanishing forms! In due season he arrived in safety at the Hague. He was greeted with the utmost enthusiasm. That enthusiasm was redoubled when his narrow escape from captivity became known. And now all Marlborough's previous successes were thrown into the shade by the wonderful victories which have made Marlborough a household name in England for all time. So greatly was that name dreaded by the foe, that the French nurses long hushed their children to sleep by telling them that Marlborough was coming. Napoleon counted him the first of modern generals; and when setting out on his Russian campaign, he whistled the air, "*Marlbrook s'en va t'en guerre*," a romantic remembrance of the renown of the great captain.

#### ADVENTURE IN A TROPICAL FOREST.

Few people on this side the Atlantic are acquainted with the manner in which the wild Government lands in America have been settled. As each State came into the Confederation, its wild unsettled portions became the property of the Government, which set upon them a price of one dollar and a quarter an acre (five shillings): but many squatters often occupy portions of these lands for years without paying anything for them; and should any one buy a large tract of land upon which one of these pioneers has settled, he cannot complete his bargain should the

squatter offer the Government price; the latter, according to the Pre-emption Act, having the first claim to purchase just so much or so little as he pleases. United States soldiers, State volunteers, always received a *head-right* certificate for so much land, according to the length of their service. With this they could either settle upon some unoccupied acres, or could sell them; and many a large landed proprietor owes his possessions to littles bought in this way from the careless, discharged soldiers, who, longing to plunge into dissipation, often sold their head-rights for a trifle of ready money. In the early settlement, too, of many of the States, large grants of land have been made, to encourage emigration. In one State (Texas) as much as four thousand four hundred and forty acres of land were granted to each head of a family, and half that amount to each single young man over eighteen, the settler selecting his land wherever he chose, so long as it was unoccupied by any one else. Many speculators in the North, both at Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, bought lands in immense tracts, on the speculation that, as the country "settled," their lands would increase in value; and as the tax upon their possessions was almost nominal, they could afford to wait. In many instances large fortunes have been made in this manner; now, those who have waited too long will have, on account of the present war, to wait many, many years for a return for their outlay.

This state of the law, and consequent speculation in land, called into existence two classes of men, who often made large fortunes both in money and in land—surveyors and locators. The former obtained commissions to survey the lands bought by distant speculators: the latter kept themselves well posted up as to the vacant lands, and from their constant wanderings were well acquainted with the most valuable portions of the wild lands; and they very often themselves bought head-right certificates, and after surveying and recording their occupation of such tracts, they resold them at a great advance to emigrating planters from other States.

The most celebrated of these locators in Texas was Moses Evans, familiarly and generally known as "Mose." He was a man without the least education. He could neither read nor write; and yet, from practice, he could keep for weeks in his head his calculations, which he arrived at by some peculiar method of his own, as well as the most minute observations he had made in his rambles, until he returned to his home at Austin, the capital of the State, when he would dictate everything to his clerk, never forgetting the slightest point. In person he was three inches over six feet high, and broad made to match, with bold, regular, and handsome features, light hair, and a long red beard. His courage had been tried many a time on the frontier in Indian skirmishes, and never found wanting; though he was one of the best-tempered men I ever met with. Good-natured and simple in the settlements, he was shrewd and cautious in the forest. He had one remarkable gift, or instinct; for it resembled that of a bee or a carrier pigeon more than anything else: he could find his way to any point he wished; no night was too dark, no forest too tangled: he held his way as straight for his goal as a ship is steered by her compass. As he was often absent in the forest for a month or six weeks at a time on land-locating business, I thought it would be a good opportunity for me to get some capital hunting, if he would permit me to accompany him on one of these expeditions; for, as he buried himself in the heart of the forest, far away from all settlements, where the game was undisturbed, I anticipated good sport. I readily obtained permission, and set to work to make my preparations for a month's

life in the open air, sleeping under a tree at night on my blankets, and wandering during the day under the dark aisles of the forest.

We had been about a fortnight out when a terrible storm occurred. All day long the atmosphere had been stifling. Not a breath of air was abroad to stir the tiniest twig; our horses were wet with heat, and the perspiration made our own shirts stick to us as though they had been dipped in water. The gadflies and the mosquitoes were unusually active and venomous; no bird twittered or chirped, except the crows, and they were clamorous as they whirled round in immense circles high in the air; no squirrel jumped from bough to bough; not a deer bounded across our path; even the mosquito left off its singing, and seemed only intent to bite; the fallen sticks in our path bent under our horses' feet without snapping; and our horses' ears were set forward, one moment straight, and then first one, then the other thrown back, as though they felt that something strange was about to happen. From all these signs the veriest tyro could have prognosticated a storm; and in the forest this is no joke: the tree you shelter yourself under may attract the lightning; hundreds of old trees, dead themselves, and with rotten roots, may, under the wind's blast, topple over upon you as you pass, and crush you out of all human shape. Even giant limbs are wrenched off and carried away like straws, till their flight is arrested by other tree-tops, when they fall heavily down.

"We are going to have a regular built storm. May it not prove like one I once was caught in, though. It has a very bad look with it," said Mose, whose voice, though it was steady and even enough, was yet subdued, as though he was fully aware of the peril. "There's a clearing away off here, with an old, deserted cabin on it; let us make for it. I haven't seen it these four years, but I guess I can find the place."

We lost no time in following our leader, who, with a long, even stride, led the way; for he had dismounted and led his horse, feeling, I suppose, some inward idea that he could hold a more direct course on his feet than in the saddle. I kept my place next to Mose, and his two axemen, in Indian file, brought up the rear. For some time the slow rumbling of distant thunder had been heard, and for a hundred yards or two before we gained the clearing large drops of rain rattled against the leaves of the trees and large weeds, like the "spat" of pistol-bullets, so still was all forest life and forest noise; for at other times the locusts send forth their shrill sounds, the woodpeckers make the old hollow trees echo with their tapping, the squirrels jump from tree to tree, or, sitting demurely on a bough, drop down an acorn or nut-shell as you ride beneath, as though to remind you of their presence.

The cabin was beautifully situated upon the banks of the Colorado, commanding a view up and down the river of more than a mile. The field, which had once been cleared and cultivated, was from neglect fast returning to its original state; for tall bushes, young saplings, and briars, were flourishing where once the golden ears of the Indian corn plant rustled in the wind. The rails which had once fenced in the clearing were rotting on the rank grass, and when touched crumbled into dust. Of the causes which led to its desertion we were, of course, ignorant, as all records of its former occupants were unknown. Tumble-down and dilapidated as the old log cabin was, we were very glad to get beneath its shelter, and, gathering a few of the nearest and soundest rails for fire-wood, we unsaddled and picketed our horses on the edge of the forest, the clearing being too overgrown for any grass to find room.



Our preparations, although taking some time to describe, were but very few moments in being effected; for each moment we dreaded the storm would burst forth with all its fury: the thunder came nearer and nearer; the flashes of lightning, which had been playing around like silvery darts, now flashed close, the red flashes and the rattling thunder taking place instantaneously, as it seemed. "I thought this morning," said the older axeman, "from the red sky and everything being so quiet, we should have dirty weather afore long." In a few moments the rain fell, not in drops, but in sheets of water; for now the wind came rushing and driving the rain-drops into each other, and, as it swept the rain before it, whole sheets of white water glanced against the red sky and the setting sun. Mose was a practical man, and, the shelter of the cabin obtained, he lost no time in cutting some steaks from the haunch of a young buck, and toasting them at the fire of rails, made in the middle of the dirt floor of the cabin; and these, being cooked, were liberally sprinkled with pounded red pepper; and, howl as the wind might, and tremble as the old logs of our haven did, Mose set about his work as quietly as though nothing unusual was happening. We all followed so good an example, and, supper over, we listened to the roar of the thunder much more unconcernedly than we had half an hour before, and, lighting our pipes, we smoked away steadily, but in silence. In half an hour the fury of the storm had passed by, a few scattering drops alone falling.

Away far off in the distance the mutterings of the storm could be heard as it swept on in its course. After visiting our horses and changing their picket-pegs, we rolled ourselves in our blankets, and, with our feet to the fire, like spokes in a wheel, one by one went off to sleep. We might have slept for a couple of hours, when we all started to our feet as a fearful clap of thunder seemed to burst just above our very heads. Another storm had come up, and lucky for us it did. The fire had burnt low, and we were in partial darkness as the thunder brought us to our feet.

Suddenly Mose started. "Run, boys; snatch up your saddles: the bank is caving in."

"Right," shouted one of the axemen: "the place is slipping from under us."

Two springs carried us clear; but the house which had been our shelter slid off with the ground into the river. Mose Evans was the last to spring clear of the hut. As he did so the rough logs, unhewn and heavy, subsided along with the rich red soil, into the boiling, yeasty river, which, in the darkness, from the bright circles of foam, looked like a huge silver serpent creeping along through the night. Our narrow escape might well be regarded as a merciful preservation; and, drenched through with rain as we now were, it was ever so much better than being surprised, as we might have been, and having to battle with a torrent in the darkness.

Shaking under our blankets, we waited for the sun to rise over the forest; and at the appointed time it did so, with ruddy, smiling face, as though no cloud had ever obscured its glory. The little birds chattered in the bushes; the squirrels barked at each other on the trees; the leaves hung with dewy drops, which sparkled like new-cut diamonds from the mine in the joyous sunshine; and the wolf, which had howled at the storm all night, had slunk off to its den. A stranger looking at the place where we stood would never have guessed that the axe or the ploughshare had ever been near this solitude. The banks had in their fall carried away the garden patch and the field, leaving everything as wild and primitive as in the days before Columbus was born.

### THE BEAUTIFUL RHINE.

ONCE during the morning a band of apprentices with knapsacks passed by, singing, "The Rhine! the Rhine! a blessing on the Rhine!"

Oh, the pride of the German heart in this noble river! And right it is; for of all the rivers of this beautiful earth, there is none so beautiful as this. There is hardly a league of its whole course, from its cradle in the snowy Alps to its grave in the sands of Holland, which boasts not its peculiar charms. If I were a German, I would be proud of it too, and of the clustering grapes that hang about its temples, as it reels onward through vineyards, in a triumphal march, like Bacchus, crowned and drunken.

So writes Longfellow in his beautiful romance "Hyperion," where poetical fancy and philosophical musing blend with picturesque descriptions of scenery. On the banks of the Rhine, above Rolandseck, many a tourist must have recalled the opening chapter of "Hyperion."—

Paul Flemming had already passed many months in lonely wandering, and was now pursuing his way along the Rhine, to the South of Germany. He had journeyed the same way before, in brighter days, and a brighter season of the year; in the May of life, and in the month of May. He knew the beauteous river all by heart—every rock and ruin, every echo, every legend. The ancient castles, grim and hoar, that had taken root, as it were, on the cliffs—they were all his; for his thoughts dwelt in them, and the wind told him tales.

He had passed a sleepless night at Rolandseck, and had risen before daybreak. He opened the window of the balcony to hear the rushing of the Rhine. It was a damp December morning; and clouds were passing over the sky—thin, vapoury clouds, whose snow-white skirts were "often spotted with golden tears, which men call stars." The day dawned slowly; and, in the mingling of daylight and starlight, the island and cloister of Nonnenwerth made together but one broad, dark shadow on the silver breast of the river. Beyond rose the summits of the Siebengebirg. Solemn and dark, like a monk, stood the Drachenfels, in his hood of mist, and rearward extended the Curtain of Mountains, back to the Wolkenburg, the Castle of the Clouds.

But Flemming thought not of the scene before him. Sorrow unspeakable was upon his spirit in that lonely hour; and, hiding his face in his hands, he exclaimed aloud—

"Spirit of the past! look not so mournfully at me with thy great, tearful eyes! Touch me not with thy cold hand! Breathe not upon me with the icy breath of the grave! Chant no more that dirge of sorrow, through the long and silent watches of the night!"

Mournful voices from afar seemed to answer, "Treuenfels!" and he remembered how others had suffered, and his heart grew still.

Slowly the landscape brightened. Down the rushing stream came a boat, with its white wings spread, and darted like a swallow through the narrow pass of God's Help. The boatmen were singing, but not the song of Roland the Brave, which was heard of old by the weeping Hildegund, as she sat within the walls of that cloister, which now looked forth in the pale morning from amid the leafless linden trees. The dim traditions of those grey old times rose in the traveller's memory; for the ruined tower of Rolandseck was still looking down upon the Kloster Nonnenwerth, as if the sound of the funeral bell had changed the faithful Paladin to stone, and he were watching still to see the form of his beloved one come forth, not from her cloister, but from her grave. Thus the brazen clasps of the book of legends were opened, and, on the page illuminated by the misty rays of the rising sun, he read again the tales of Liba, and the mournful bride of Argenfels, and Siegfried the mighty slayer of the dragon. Meanwhile the mists had risen from the Rhine, and the whole air was filled with golden vapour, through which he beheld the sun, hanging in heaven like a drop of blood. Even thus shone the sun within him, amid the wintry vapours, uprising from the valley of the shadow of death, through which flowed the stream of his life—sighing, sighing!

## Varieties.

**THE PRINCESS AMELIA.**—The following lines, though often printed, may possibly be new to some of our younger readers. They are stated to have been given by the Princess, the youngest and favourite daughter of George III, to Dr. Pope, who attended her as physician :—

"Unthinking, idle, wild, and young,  
I laughed and danced, I talked and sung;  
And, proud of health, of freedom vain,  
Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain:  
Oh! then, in those light hours of glee,  
I thought the world was made for me.

"But when the hour of trial came,  
And sickness shook my feeble frame,  
And folly's gay pursuits were o'er,  
And I could sing and dance no more,  
Oh! then, I thought how sad 'twould be  
Were only this world made for me."

## A PRAYER IN OLD AGE.—

BY THE LATE SIR ROBERT GRANT.

With years oppressed, with sorrows worn,  
Dejected, harassed, sick, forlorn,

To thee, O God, I pray:  
To thee my withered hands arise;  
To thee I lift those failing eyes:  
Oh, cast me not away!

Thy mercy heard my infant prayer;  
Thy love, with all a mother's care,  
Sustained my childish days;  
Thy goodness watched my ripening youth,  
And formed my heart to love thy truth,  
And filled my lips with praise.

O Saviour, has thy grace declined?  
Can years affect the Eternal Mind,  
Or time its love decay?  
A thousand ages pass thy sight,  
And all their long and weary flight  
Is gone like yesterday.

Then, e'en in age and grief, thy name  
Shall still my languid heart inflame,  
And bow my faltering knee:  
Oh, yet this bosom feels the fire,  
This trembling hand and drooping lyre  
Have yet a strain for thee!

Yes, broken, tuneless, still, O Lord,  
This voice transported shall record  
Thy goodness, tried so long;  
Till, sinking slow, with calm decay,  
Its feeble murmurs melt away  
Into a seraph's song.

**MY PET BAT.**—Some readers of "The Leisure Hour" may feel interested in an account of a pet bat which I kept for about two months last year in Scotland. One sunny afternoon in June I happened to move an easy-chair standing by the window in the drawing-room, when a small dark object caught my eye on the cover behind it. Stooping down, I found it to be a young bat; and taking the little creature in my hand, I saw that its leg had been squeezed between the chair and the wall, thereby making it a prisoner. It was furnished, on the spur of the moment, with some wool at the bottom of a fancy basket, and then two little girls and myself set off on a fly-catching expedition. About forty were secured, and next the process of feeding began. I offered the bat a fly, which it seized with a loud, sharp snap, and, carefully turning its head first, devoured it; and so on with the whole, sometimes biting my fingers by way of variation. Henceforth you may imagine gnats, moths, and flies acquired a value in our household, and from the mistress to the maid most eager was the pursuit after them. We filled its larder (a tin box) in the morning, ready for its evening repast, because about eight o'clock it was always ready on the watch to be taken out and fed. After a fortnight I ventured to let it run on the table, in the day-time. When first put on it, it began walking about, dragging its injured leg straight out behind it. Often it became entangled in the cloth, when it would stop, and, taking the leg in its mouth, disengage the tiny claws, lick it once or twice, and then go on its way, examining every book and stray article around it. As

its leg remained useless, one day, after several stoppages to free it when caught in the cloth, the poor bat placed itself against a thick book, and, holding up the refractory limb, steadily bit it off—a work of about five minutes; and the next instant, seemingly quite delighted, it was running about at an astonishing pace, evidently aware it was much better without the encumbrance. It would fly round and round the room, but, the moment I called it, would settle on my hand or some part of my dress. To show my friends that it really knew me, I would move from side to side of the table and call it, when it would as often cross over to me, turning its head sideways and expecting its reward (a fly). Indeed, once, when I moved away to the window without giving it one, it flew after me, alighting on my head, uttering two or three squeaks of anger; thus proving beyond doubt that it had a good share of sense, and refuting the old maxim "as blind as a bat," for it was about eleven o'clock in the morning, and it came to me, not any one else in the room. Whether its captivity changed its nature I know not, but certain it is, it was fond of "the merry, merry sunshine;" for, over and over again, when hidden altogether in the wool, as soon as the basket was placed in the sun it would creep out to the top, and with spread wings remain dozing there as long as the sun shone on it. I discovered too that it had a will of its own; for once, a lady wishing to see it fed, I placed it on the table, thinking she could see it better in that position than by keeping it in my hand as usual, but was annoyed to find no coaxing would induce it to eat. At length I took it up to put it to bed, upon which it looked about, all animation for its food, and demolished, to her great delight, twelve blue-bottles, three large moths, two daddy-long-legs, and several small flies. For its beverage I used to take a drop of water on the tail feather of a partridge, which it would lick off five or six times, and when it had had sufficient it pushed the feather away with its nose, or else turned round. Fearing that in London I should be unable to attend to my pet, I set it free, but it was half an hour before it would fly, and then it hovered about the window till the gathering darkness obliged it to go.

F. S., *Olney.*

**INDUSTRIAL ART IN ROME.**—In a visit to Rome last year, during one of our walks, we came across what was to us a rare and very peculiar sight. When descending the marble steps of the church Ara Coeli, situated on the Capitoline hill, our attention was attracted to a building on the right. On entering, we found ourselves in a room some eight yards square, in which were two spinning-jennies, one placed above the other, and two wool-carding machines. These were all worked by hand, each of the last-mentioned being laboriously turned by a man and boy naked to the waist, who, with their hands on the top, and feet on the bottom of a lever, continually moved it to and fro. Nothing more forcibly represented to us the decline of the once mighty city than this scene, witnessed by "British barbarians," almost on the very site of the ancient capitol.

J. P., *Manchester.*

**CALVIN MEMORIAL HALL AT GENEVA.**—The Hall of the Reformation (*Salle de la Réformation*) will accommodate about 2000 persons. On the exterior the following inscription will be placed :—

Élevé en témoignage de reconnaissance  
à Dieu,  
qui a donné à Genève,  
et à l'Eglise universelle,  
le grand Réformateur  
JEAN CALVIN.

Portons honneur aux personnes excellentes en la crainte de Dieu, mais à condition que Dieu demeure pardessus tout, et que Christ triomphe.  
*Calvin.*

## Translation.

Erected as a testimony of gratitude to God, who gave to Geneva, and to the Church throughout the world, the great Reformer

JOHN CALVIN.

Let us ever ascribe honour to those persons who excel in the fear of God, but on condition that God remain above all, and that Christ reign supreme.  
*Calvin.*

A Latin inscription, which will occupy a prominent place in the interior of the edifice, will bear the names of the countries that have contributed to the erection of the monument, of which the foundation was laid May 27, 1864.